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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, (OPERA COMPANY, LIMITED.)

Production of

THE MOCK DOCTOR.

On MONDAY, next, Feb. 27, (and during the week) will be performed for the first time in England, Gounod's celebrated Opera,

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THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY'S CONCERTS.—The

SIXTH CONCERT will take place THIS EVENING, Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8 o'clock, and continue every Saturday until March. Artists—Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Ruersdorff, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Elvira Bohrens, Madame Saint-n-Dolby, Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Alice Manold, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, Herr Ernst Fauer, Mr. John F. Barnett, Mons. Saindon, Herr Jansa, Herr Politzer, Mr. Doyle, Mons. Faso, Mr. George Collins and St. nor P. zze. Conductor, Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Tickets at Mitchell's Library; Keith, Prosser and Co., 43 Cheapside; and the principal Music Warehouses.

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BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 93.)

Belonging to a somewhat later period is another series of short compositions, which, also, are interesting. The revival of *Fidelio*, in the year 1814, once more excited Beethoven's inclination to write operas. It is an error to suppose that the unfavorable reception of his first opera had so annoyed him that he had definitely renounced working for the stage. On the contrary, very soon afterwards, as well as still later, he drew out, on several occasions, more or less serious plans for operas, the subject for the libretto being settled more than once. At first, Treitschke's *Romulus* was to come next to *Fidelio*, but, in the meanwhile, Beethoven conceived the notion of writing an Italian opera. To prepare for the task, he determined to begin by rendering himself thoroughly acquainted with the spirit and manner of Italian poetry and music, and by going through a course of training, which should teach him how to restrict his style to the most innocent simplicity of musical expression, and to what might easily be sung. For this purpose, he borrowed, on the 26th July, 1814, Metastasio's Works, and set a series of that author's graceful strophes, as they struck him in perusal, for two, three, or four voices, without accompaniment. Most of them he set several times. These little songs, which are concise in form, and of which a considerable number were thrown off, display a pervading plainness and simplicity of which we should hardly have believed Beethoven capable; we should, too, despite many original and charming turns occurring in these same songs, which are based more especially on pleasing melody, have some difficulty in recognising Beethoven. But it is this very fact that endows them with a peculiar interest. Belonging to this period is, also, the grand Trio "Tremate" (Op. 116), not performed in public until the year 1824. This Trio, grandly planned and carried out, produces, it is true, a very different impression to the Canzonets mentioned above, but, if we place it side by side with the aria: "Ah, Perfido," composed in the year 1796, we shall feel the difference between the time when Beethoven, in all good faith, employed Italian forms as the natural vehicle of expression for definite passions, and that when he used them as artistic means for bringing about certain effects.

Two grand Italian vocal pieces, one, an air: "Prima amora piacer del ciel," and a duet: "Nei giorni tuoi felici," of the existence of which we have certain testimony, have been mislaid, and, up to now, not discovered again.

Beethoven, as is well known, was induced by Thomson to arrange Scotch and Irish melodies with accompaniment for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. He took so much interest in the task that he displayed great zeal in arranging the national melodies of other countries also in the same manner. Of these, only a comparatively small number have been published, either in England or Germany: but more than 150 of them thus arranged have been collected through the instrumentality of Herr Franz Espagne, who traced them out with great industry.

We have now, probably, given a complete enumeration of all Beethoven's published compositions, belonging to the period of his maturity, when he was that Beethoven whom the whole world knows and appreciates; how few are there still left for the gleaners, in comparison to those we possess! There is, moreover, a number, also not very great, of youthful works by Beethoven, before he had reached his prime, and which, for reasons easily understood, have never yet been engraved.

In a little note book, used by Beethoven on his journey from Bonn to Vienna, as well as in that capital during the next few years, there is the following touching entry in his hand:—

"Courage! despite of all bodily infirmities, my mind shall reign supreme!—Five-and-twenty years are reached; this year must decide the complete man."

And this year did decide: with the Trios, published in 1795, the complete man stood before the world, the man who, during the whole of his artistic career, proved that his mind reigned supreme over all the infirmities of his body. So perfect does the composer appear in this Opus I., with such certainty does he pro-

ceed, his own way, with each new work, that we entirely lose sight of the question how he became what he was. That it was not till the age of five-and-twenty that Beethoven first appeared in the character of a composer, and that, in Bonn and Vienna, he must have studied much and made many essays, is a circumstance which, seemingly, has not, as a rule, been taken into consideration; at any rate, it is a striking fact that, in the case of such an artist above all others, youthful works and the development of the composer's powers have formed the subject of so little research.

Such youthful works certainly exist. Three Sonatas for Pianoforte, with an affected dedication to the Elector Maximilian Friedrich, a dedication subsequently highly distasteful to Beethoven, were published in 1786; there appeared at the same time, also, Variations on a march by Dressler, and, in Bossler's *Anthology*, a small Rondo for the Pianoforte, as well as a Song. There were subsequently printed, having been found among the papers he left, three Quartets for Pianoforte and Stringed Instruments, composed as far back as the year 1785; a Sonata and Variations, written for his fair youthful friend at Bonn, Eleonore von Breuning; while among the first Songs published by himself, there are some few that date from the time of his residence in that town. Have these works, which, of course, all find a place in the collective edition, weakened, perhaps, the interest for his youthful productions? This would not really be astonishing, for we scarcely find in them, even here and there, signs of the later Beethoven. They rather create astonishment that such great things could have followed such beginnings, than enable us to perceive the germs from which those great things could be developed.

But many other youthful productions, of various kinds, some dating from the Bonn, and some from the first Vienna period, exist in manuscript. Among them is a complete orchestral score of a *Knight's Ballet* (*Ritterballet*), containing a march, German vocal pieces, a Hunting Song, a Love Song, a Drinking Song, and a German Dance, composed probably by Beethoven in honor of his great patron, Count Waldstein, who, on the 17th June, 1788, "was dubbed a knight of the German Order, with the usual solemnities, by the Elector of Cologne, as Grand and German Master," and who, then in Bonn, was believed to be the composer of the ballet. There is, moreover, a bass air from *Claudine von Villabelle*, "Mit Müdeln sich vertragen," composed, probably, as an interpolated piece, in full score. In later years, Beethoven was not disinclined to publish this air, as well as, it appears, Metastasio's cantata: *La Tempesta*, which he had composed, in the form of a regular scene and aria for soprano with a quartet accompaniment, as an exercise, probable under Salieri's direction, and the score of which is also in existence. In addition to several songs, there are some few curiosities, such, for instance, as a "two-part Fugue, composed by Ludwig von Beethoven at the age of eleven;" a Sonata for Mandoline; a Duet for Two Flutes; a Duet for Tenor and Violoncello, with the facetious heading: "Duet with two obligato eye-glasses;" a Sonata for the Pianoforte and Flute; a Romance for the Pianoforte, Flute, and Bassoon; Variations for two Oboes and the English Horn, on "La ci darem la Mano," and several other pieces. Then there is a tolerably large number of sketches, rough plans, and uncompleted fragments of an early period, some of them more interesting and instructive than the completed works of his youth, but, as a matter of course, not at all adapted for publication in a collective edition.

How much of these youthful productions, completed, it is true, but never published, should be included in an edition of his collected works is a question on which opinions will differ. There will not be wanting persons who would desire to exclude everything not belonging to the mature master, everything, at least, which might lower his reputation among the uninitiated, or obscure that picture of him which is present to us all. On the other side, some will insist upon the greatest possible completeness of all that was written and preserved by Beethoven, and, in addition to the satisfaction of our æsthetic feelings by rich and perfect creations, desire to see satisfied our historical interest for such works as are calculated, at least in some degree, to characterise the progress and improvement of his powers. Practically, it will, in all probability, not be possible to avoid a compromise if only because it is a question whether all the youthful productions known to exist can be obtained for publication. At all events, it is an advantage for the undertaking, that, supposing it possible and practicable to incorporate

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

every hitherto unpublished piece in the new edition, the number of such pieces is not so considerable, in comparison to those already printed, sensibly to impede the task of carrying out the whole; on the other hand, however, if it be necessary for the publishers to limit themselves to a moderate selection from the unprinted works, it is an advantage that the artistically historical importance of the new edition as a collective edition cannot be called in question by such a course. This is the case, because, apart from the few works, mentioned above, which must not be omitted from a collective edition, if only out of respect for the name of the great master, because they date from the time when he was exercising his full powers, the rest will satisfy our just curiosity chiefly by the fact that they may be inspected, though they do not afford any explanation we may desire of serious questions concerning the gradual development of the composer's mind.

Apart from the music to *König Stephan*, and the hitherto unpublished Cadences, which Beethoven himself added to his Pianoforte Concertos, and which are now printed as an appendix to them, the published works will, as a matter of course, appear in unconditional completeness. The list accompanying the prospectus will scarcely suffer any sensible augmentation or rectification, even should zealous collectors find much that is rare and new, though of course not in the way of great works. It is seldom there can be a question of the genuineness of what should be received into the new edition; Beethoven's strongly marked individuality affords us so well defined a standard, that no attempt to introduce anything spurious would have a chance of success. Two or three trifles, published under Beethoven's name, but without either internal or external evidence of their authenticity and not generally acknowledged or extensively circulated, have, therefore, not found a place in the new edition.

The *Arrangements* are, perhaps, the only compositions offering any difficulties. Of course, I do not mean those which, as pianoforte selections, or arrangements for four hands, are intended to adapt to the executive capacity of amateurs music they could not otherwise perform, but those which, from being thoroughly recast to suit different instruments from those for which they were at first written, lay claim to be original, or, at least, independent compositions, and which, therefore, if authentic, can emanate from the composer alone. Beethoven energetically protested, on repeated occasions, against what may be assumed to be the wilful deception of offering arrangements, by no matter whom, of his compositions as original works, and none such have any right to be included in a collective edition of what he wrote. But Beethoven himself was the author of some arrangements of the kind; following the example set by Mozart, out of an Octet for Wind-Instruments (Op. 103), subsequently published by him as such, he formed and published a Quintet for Stringed Instruments (Op. 4); he arranged his Second Symphony (Op. 36) and likewise the well-known Septet (Op. 20) as a Pianoforte Trio (Op. 38), considering the last good enough to be dedicated to his medical man, Schmid, after a serious illness; he worked up into a Pianoforte Quartet the Quintet for Pianoforte and Wind Instruments (Op. 16), and into a Quartet for Stringed Instruments a Pianoforte Sonata. He re-wrote, moreover, his Violin Concerto as a Pianoforte Concerto. Such of these versions as can be proved, beyond a doubt, to have emanated from Beethoven have a right to a place among his collected works, and many of them justify this by an original interest of their own. But on this point there are still doubts; it is not proved that we really possess all the arrangements notoriously written by Beethoven himself, nor has it been determined, with perfect certainty, how far those which we do possess are really authentic.

(To be Continued.)

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.—The bells have been removed from the tower, and are now swung on a scaffolding in the nave, where they await the attention of purchasers. One of the bells is very ancient, and has an inscription on it, showing that it was in honor of St. Wulstan. The Rev. R. Cattley's new bells will, it is understood, be ready as soon as the tower is in a fit state to receive them. Further subscriptions are still needed in aid of the bells' fund. The organ is being put up on the north side of the choir, experimentally, but it is very doubtful whether the situation will not be found unsuitable.—(*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.)

HANS OYART OF COLOGNE.*

Recent investigations have brought to light many interesting facts connected with the history of art in old Cologne. The sources of information appear to have flowed in a very full current, as far as relates to the representatives of the pictorial as well as of the architectural art; but more sparingly where music is concerned. And yet the native town of Franko, the creator of time in music, must have presented the world with many a musician, especially at the period when the Netherlands went forth, as the principal representatives of musical art, in all directions, to teach and to perform what the keener minds among them, and what they themselves had invented and created in the field of music. Concerning one of these musicians of old Cologne belonging to the epoch designated in musical history as the epoch of the "Netherlanders," the following lines—taken from the deeds in the "gemeinschaftliches archiv," at Weimar—shall afford us some information. If they tell us but little about him, that little will, at any rate, be sufficient to bring to the notice of the present day an old Cologne master who has been completely forgotten; to prove that he did live, and did work manfully in his art, as well as that, in every respect, he was a worthy son of his native city.

At Torgau, the electoral court of Saxony, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, music was most flourishing. Johannes Walther,† who acted there as singer and master of the chapel, is known, among other things, by the fact of his having taken a most active share in the development of the singing of the Evangelical Church. With Conrad Rupff (not Rumpf), the Elector's "old master of song," he was summoned, in 1524, by Luther to Wittenberg, for the purpose, in conjunction with Rupff, of drawing up the German mass. At the same time Walther drew up the first Evangelical singing book.‡

While Walther superintended the chanting, or singing, in the Electoral chapel, there appears, as organist, at his side, a man whose name has probably never yet been mentioned. This was Hans Oyart, of Cologne, commonly designated in the old documents as "Hans of Cölln." He belonged to the Netherlandish masters, who traversed the world to turn to account, in some one or other of the princely chapels, those nurseries of musical art, the proficiency they had achieved as contrapuntists, singers, or organists. After many wanderings, which may have extended as far as Venice, in Italy, where organ-playing was then in a most flourishing condition, he came, somewhere in the second decennium of the sixteenth century, and when he was in the prime of manhood, to

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

† Johannes Walther must have been born in one of the last few years of the fifteenth century, learning singing as a chapel-boy, and music at the Court of Torgau; he was there as early as under Friedrich the Wise. The year of his death has hitherto been unknown, but I am enabled to give it. Gerber is of opinion: "We may justly assume it to be 1555;" Schilling, who copied Gerber, says, without more ado, that he "died after 1552." This last assertion is so far correct, as Walther certainly did die after 1552, but not in the sense Schilling intended. The year of his death was 1570, and he died before the 24th of April, for, at this date, Christoph Baumgärtner, steward of the chapter at Altenburg, petitions the Duke Johann Wilhelm to grant him "an annual rent of 13 new schocken, or pence, and ten groschen" (about 39 florins, 10 groschen) from the revenues of a vicarage in the chapter church of Altenburg, which had been graciously granted to Johannes Walther for his life, and which now "through the decease of the late Herr Johannes Walther at Torgau had fallen in." A secretary who reports on this memorial, calls the "beneficium" 39 old schocks and 10 groschen. He says further that there were 100 florins' arrears due to Walther, and that Walther's son would without doubt make application for them. They were a present which the Duke intended for the elder Walther, when the latter, at the commencement of the year 1570, "dedicated in all submissiveness a Cantional" to him. From the mention of these facts it is most certain that Walther died at this time, that is, shortly before the 24th April, in the year 1570.

‡ A manuscript of his in the Ducal Coburg library affords some interesting information concerning this co-operation. Quotations are given from it by Gerber, *Neues Lexicon*, vol. IV, p. 505, and still more copious ones by Winterfeld, *Der evangelische Kirchengesang*, vol. I, p. 150.—The psalm-book bore the simple title: *Geistlich Gesangk-Buchleye, Autore Joanne Walthero*, Wittenberg, 1524, large 4to. It contained 43 three, four, and five part-songs, by Walther and other masters. The second edition appeared in 1525, and the third in 1537. At Strassburg, with 52 part psalms; in 1544, the book was published for the fourth time with 100, and for the fifth, in 1551, with 125 psalms, Wittenberg again being, for the last two editions, the place of publication.

the Electoral Court of Saxony at Torgau, and entered the service of Friedrich the Wise. There he probably adhered at once to Luther's new creed of the Reformation, protected by his lord and Elector. The first mention of Hans Oyart, in the records, dates from the year 1526, that is a twelvemonth after the death of Friedrich the Wise. That prince's brother, and successor in the Electorate, Johann the Constant (1525-1532) signing, at Weimar, on Martinmas Sunday, 1526, the appointment of "Hans Oyart of Colln," as organist, for the term of his natural life, on account of "pleasant and faithful services rendered by him to the late Elector Friedrich," as well as to his successor. This appointment secured annually for the Cologne maestro a salary of 32 florins, 2 Frankfort malter of corn, with "board and clothing at court" for life. Such a salary appears, at first sight, small; but it was not inconsiderable in the then state of things, and was one of the best which the salary list of the Electoral Chapel could, at that period, show.*

* Concerning this branch of the affairs of the Chapel the following record, of the year 1524, gives us full information:

Calculation of the entire cost of the Singers for a whole year in gold.		Money for Board for 1 year.	
297 florins, 3 groschens,	for 7 grown-up Singers.	173 "	7 "
173 "	for 10 Singing-Boys.	14 "	8 "
14 "	for the same Boys for Vesper-drink.	17 "	20 "
17 "	for the same "zur nottdurft."	22 "	6 "
22 "	board money for the two Organists (Oyart and Zuckenranfft).	19 "	7 "
19 "	board money for the Organists' Man.	168 "	— "
168 "	Clothing for 1 year.	96 "	— "
96 "	to the grown-up Singers for their clothing, to each 14 florins.	2 "	— "
2 "	to the 12 Singing-Boys, to each 8 florins.	5 "	— "
5 "	to the Boys for slippers.	32 "	— "
32 "	to the Boys for "Fireten" (caps).	24 "	— "
24 "	Pay of the Singers for 1 year.	24 "	— "
24 "	Herr Conrad (Rüpf).	144 "	— "
144 "	Benedikt (Zuckenranfft).	10 "	— "
10 "	Johann, Organist (Hans Oyart).	8 "	— "
8 "	to 9 grown up Singers, to each 16 florins.		
	at New Year to the grown-up Singers.		
	to the Boys for singing in Martinmas.		

Board-money, 545 florins, 8 groschens. Clothing, 271 florins. Salaries, 237 florins. Total of the expense of all the Singers, 1053 florins, 8 groschens.
(To be concluded in our next.)

GLoucester Musical Festival.—Sixty-two gentlemen—a number never before equalled at Gloucester—have become stewards for the forthcoming festival, and it is believed that several more will offer themselves. Up to 1841 the number of stewards at each meeting was only six, and in 1832 they had to bear a deficit of 1,400l., and in 1841 of 1,547l. In 1844 a deficit of 850l. had to be met by eight stewards; in 1853 and 1856 there was a surplus; in 1859 a deficit of 167l. was paid by 44 stewards; and in 1862, the year of the International Exhibition and of the Great Handel Festival, a deficit of 408l. had to be met by 54 stewards. At the last two festivals a sum of more than 2,200l. was contributed and handed over without deduction of any kind for the Clergy Charity. Among the stewards to the present time are:—John A. Graham Clarke, Esq. (High Sheriff), the Earl of Ellenborough, Lord Leigh, Hon. Colonel Berkeley, M. P., Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Bart., M. P., Rev. S. Lionel Darell, Bart., Ven. Sir George Prevost, Bart., Rev. Sir J. H. C. Seymour, Bart., Sir J. F. Davis, Bart., K. C. B., R. S. Holford, Esq., M. P., Edward Holland, Esq., M. P., R. N. F. Kingscote, Esq., M. P., John J. Powell, Esq., M. P., John Rolt, Esq., M. P., J. R. Yorke, Esq., M. P., the Mayor of Gloucester, &c.—(*Berrow's Worcester Journal*).

Middle Liebhart at Glasgow.—At the concert given by Mr. Muir Wood, in the City Hall, a local paper writes that:—"The vocal honors of the evening were unquestionably carried off by Middle Liebhart, whose deliciously clear, ringing voice was abundantly displayed in a *rondo* in waltz time, 'La piena del mio guibilo,' composed for her by Beignani; in a German *Lied*, 'At morning's break' (*Morgenfesterlin*) composed for her by Proch; and in Herr Goldberg's song, 'Bird of the forest.' The marvellous execution of this gifted young Hungarian singer has, if possible, become improved since last we heard her, and her shake is now about the most perfect it is possible to hear. In reply to the most decided of encores, she propitiated her admirers with 'Charlie is my darling' and 'Within a mile of Edinburgh town,' each of which was given with an intelligence and force, and, as coming from a foreigner, marked with a piquancy that served to redouble the plaudits that had called them forth."

MUSIC IN WEIMAR.*

WEIMAR, February.

At our Court Concert on the 20th January we had: the overture to *Anacreon*, by Cherubini; "Concertino for the Harp," composed and played by Herr Oberthür from London; Duet from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, sung by Herr and Madame von Milde; and Concerto by Viotti, first movement, played by Herr Wehrde, a pupil of the Paris Conservatory. In the Second Part, we were particularly charmed by a new unpublished work from the pen of Karl Götz, the talented composer of this place, and entitled, "Eine Sommernacht" (after a poem by Reinick). In the form of a symphonic poem for orchestra; "Bonnie Scotland," a Fantasia for the Harp on Scotch melodies, by Herr Oberthür; "Frühlingstraum" and "Die Post," by Schubert, sung by Madame von Milde; Ernst's "Fantasia for the Harp on motives from Rossini's *Otello*," played by Herr Wehrde; and "La Cascade" and "Meditation for the Harp," composed and played by Herr Oberthür.

The following was the programme of the first Subscription Concert on the 30th ult: *Le Carnaval Romain*; Overture to the second act of Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*; "Concertino for the Harp," by Herr Oberthür; "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" (Schiller), and "An Schwager Chronos" (Goethe), by Franz Schubert, arranged for male chorus and grand orchestra by Karl Stör; "Elegy" (*Una Lagnina sulla Tomba di Parish Alvars*), and "Serenade" by Parish Alvars, played by Herr Oberthür. The second part consisted of Beethoven's Symphony in D major. The playing of the orchestra on this occasion deserved unqualified praise: indeed the difficult, fantastic, and piquant overture of the clever Berlioz went with a degree of spirit, precision, and life which reminded one of the best performances under Liszt; no less admirably played was the Symphony by Beethoven; all honor and gratitude to our excellent conductor, Herr Stör, who has also arranged very sensibly the two works by Schubert. We hope that this important addition to the repertory of pieces for male chorus may soon be published, as likewise many other valuable things now lying in Herr Stör's desk, such, for instance, as his beautiful music to Schiller's "Glocke," and his splendid "Fest Polonoise."—With regard to the performance of Herr Oberthür, we do not hesitate pronouncing him a very distinguished master on his difficult instrument. His efforts as a composer are highly creditable, and his success was something more than ordinary.

In honor of the Grand-Duchess's birthday, the 8th April, the *Cid*, by Peter Cornelius, will be produced. We sincerely trust it will be more successful than the ill-fated *Barbier von Bagdad*.

Herr Franz Müller, advantageously known as a "Wagnerite author" is engaged upon a new work relating to Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, having been requested to treat this subject by the young King of Bavaria. His Majesty has likewise sent him the Knight's cross, first class, of the Order of Merit of St. Michael, as well as the Royal portrait, with an autograph letter.

Sacred music in Weimar, left desolate, as it were, by Montag's decease, received a new chief, on the 1st February, in the person of Professor Müller-Hartung from Eisenach. We most cordially congratulate Weimar upon its choice, because the new director is as clever a composer (see his admirable "Organ Sonatas") as he is an excellent conductor, singing-master and organist. As a man, too, he enjoys the highest reputation. The organist, Herr Gottschalg, who had been previously acting as temporary singing-master at the Seminary, and who quickly gained the affection and respect of the numerous Seminary choir (comprising about 150 persons) was solemnly serenaded on the 4th February. We cannot refrain from acknowledging the exemplary behaviour in every respect of the members of the Seminary; even when the most difficult things were required of them, they followed their temporary professor in the most satisfactory manner, the discipline which is generally under temporary masters "shaky," being exemplary.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—The following was the programme of Mr. Aguilar's second *matinée* on Wednesday last:—Sonata in A—Beethoven; Funeral March—Chopin; La Galette—Weber; Reveries d'artiste (No. 4), and Dans les bois (No. 3)—Heller; Sonata in A minor—Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on Lucia—Aguilar; Sunset Glow and Evening—Aguilar; Elfin Revels—Gollmick. The rooms were crowded.

LEICESTER.—The last of Messrs. Nicholson's grand concerts, for this season, was given on Monday evening, and attended by a numerous and fashionable audience. The artists included the chief members of Mr. Mapleson's troupe, viz., Madlle. Titiens, Madlle. Dorani, Madlle. Enquist, Mons. Joulain, Signor Bossi, Signor Piatti (Violoncello) and Signor Beignani (Conductor). The programme was an excellent one, and the reception of each of the artistes most enthusiastic. Madlle. Titiens in magnificent voice and created an immense sensation.

ITALIAN MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

(From our own correspondent.)

GENOA, Feb. 4th.

At Turin, where I was soon after Christmas, I found the cold terrific, and the weather appeared to have an effect upon the audience, for, on the evening that I went to the Regio, the performance was received with marked coldness. The opera was *Simon Boccanegra*, which I cannot say made a more favorable impression on me than when I heard it six years ago, at the Scala—infinity better done. I believe the general opinion to be that this opera, though not without merit, is much inferior to the generality of those by the same composer. With the exception of one or two scenes, which are worked out dramatically—a fine duet for tenor and baritone—the prima donna's aria, skilfully instrumented, and with, I think I may say, an original accompaniment—a romance for the baritone, which is worthy of note for its smoothness and tunefulness—and some spirited choruses; it contains nothing likely to captivate the public, and certainly but little to satisfy the critic. When I mention that Madame Palmieri, known to the *habitués* of Covent Garden, when under the Pyne and Harrison rule; Sig. Graziani, the uncultivated tenor, who appeared at Drury Lane in '59; and S. S. Boccolini and Della Costa, both of whom *laissent beaucoup à désirer*, were the singers, it will be understood that the performance was by no means first-rate. It was quite a relief, after the opera, to see that delightful dancer, Beretta, in a ballet, which was placed upon the stage with more taste and greater *luxe* than is often the case in this theatre; for though it has been for some time the principal theatre of the Capital of the new kingdom of Italy, this kind of "spectacle" is inferior not only to what one is accustomed to at the Scala, but even to what is to be found at the Carlo Felice, at Genoa, and two or three other theatres, in receipt of a much smaller subvention than that enjoyed by the Regio. The principal artists here, this season, in addition to those I have already mentioned, are Mesdames Medori, Vera Lorini, and Lanzi, and S. S. Gandolini and Le Franc; these two gentlemen, in union with Madame Lanzi, having, since I left, appeared in *Guillaume Tell*. The Company is strong in numbers, *mais voilà tout*. At the other principal opera-house, *Attila* and *Massaniello* have been given. As you have a correspondent at Milan, I do not wish to encroach upon his ground, but, as I was the first person to call the attention of THE MUSICAL WORLD to that bright star, Madame Galetti, and did so before she had appeared in public more than six times, I trust that I may be allowed to say a few words on her performance of *Norma*, a character in which she is creating an unprecedented sensation, and which I observe that the Press of several countries has pronounced to be of extraordinary interest. Since Madame Galetti's memorable *début* at Bergamo less than five years ago, when she was drawn in her carriage to her hotel by the excited audience, amid enthusiastic cries of "Viva la seconda Pasta," I have considered her as a most perfect mistress of her art, but now that I have had an opportunity of seeing her as *Norma*, I am convinced that she is also a tragic actress of the first order. When, however, on the night of her first appearance in *Norma*, at the Scala, I called to mind that, at this same theatre, one of the most accomplished artistes of the day, one who in London, Paris, and Vienna is accepted as a great singer and a great actress, although received with distinguished favour on the occasion of her *début* in *Lucresia*, had signally failed in *Norma*, as indeed have all, who, since Malibran, have essayed this trying rôle at Milan, I confess that I awaited the result with trembling anxiety; but, before the opera was half over, the tumultuous and enthusiastic plaudits which every scene in which she appeared called forth, and the enthusiasm which was displayed throughout the house, were sufficient evidence of her triumphant success, and I was glad to find that this *difficile* and exacting public, although slow to accept singers with reputation, however great, if gained elsewhere, and though at times rather harsh to new comers, was ready at once to acknowledge a real *artiste*, and to give her that welcome to which her unrivalled talents so justly entitled her. That so many singers of celebrity have essayed *Norma* here, and that all have failed, leads me to suppose that some one quality was wanting in all, the possession of which has ensured to Madame Galetti the favour of the public—at all events she can truly say "I came—I was seen—I conquered." In the scene of the curse, she demonstrated how immense is her concentrated power—here her whole frame seemed instinct with suppressed passion, and there was in her eye a look of abhorrence and on her lips a withering scorn, which proclaimed her to be a real actress, and which evoked vociferous acclamations from every part of the house. Most certainly, to the greatest perfection of vocalisation that it is possible to conceive, she unites the passion, fire, and energy of Ristori. When I affirm that I have had the good fortune to hear every singer of celebrity who has appeared in Europe, yes! and in America, too—during the last fifteen years, it will be granted that I have heard some few of unquestionable merit, but I feel called upon to acknowledge that no singer has so completely satisfied me in every respect as this

Madame Galetti; and I do honestly and conscientiously declare that I believe her to be as superior to every other singer of the present day as were Mesdames Pasta and Malibran to all others in their time. In speaking so highly of Madame Galetti, I fear that I shall be accused of exaggeration, but I have said no more than is due to her surpassing talents, and should she ever be heard in England I have but little doubt that I shall be acquitted of the charge. In stating that Madame Galetti is engaged at Vienna for the Spring, and at Paris and Madrid for the Autumn and Winter, I cannot refrain from expressing a regret that circumstances—doubtless known to those of your readers who are "behind the scenes"—prevent this admirable singer from appearing in England for the present. Before taking leave of Milan, I wish to mention that I observe with much satisfaction that the direction of the Scala has, in a great measure confirmed the very favourable opinion I expressed, in my last two letters, of the new contralto, Miss Chambers. When it is considered that during the Carnival the Scala is open to no singer but those of either established reputations or of extraordinary promise, I am inclined to look upon the engagement of this young lady as *prima donna contralto* as the very best proof that can be adduced, that I did not speak too highly of her merit, and that she is a singer who, in the course of time, it is not unreasonable to expect, will attain a very high position in her profession.

At Parma, *Guillaume Tell*, the *cheval de bataille* of most German tenors, served to introduce to an Italian audience Herr Steyer, a gentleman whom I have heard in some of the principal theatres in Germany, and who, I believe, enjoys a fair reputation in his own country. His voice is not bad, and certainly does not lack vigour, although as an artist he is inferior to Signor Caffari, the great Wiesbaden tenor, who in this same part made a semi-demi-fiasco at Covent Garden, two years ago; but his singing bears proof of his Teutonic education, and I do not think it likely that he will be able to make his way here, as I have said before that there is no lack of *tenori robusti* now in Italy, so, under existing circumstances, I should strongly advise his early return to the "Vaterland." I cannot say that the *prima donna*, Madame Caruzzi, impressed me very favourably, but perhaps, after such a singer as I had heard at Milan, I was inclined to be hypocritical—however, her shortcomings were more than atoned for by the exquisite singing and the artistic conception of the part of *Tell*, by Signor Colini, whose performance is entitled to high praise. This gentleman, who is quite a young man, is gifted with a remarkably pleasing voice, and has evidently studied in a good school. With perseverance, I have but little doubt that he will become as excellent an artist as was his namesake, who sang at Her Majesty's some fifteen years ago. In the ballet I was glad to renew acquaintance with Mademoiselle Croce, a young lady, who, in 1860, gained the *premier prix* at the Académie de Danse, attached to the Scala, and who is the most promising young dancer whom that excellent school has turned out since Beretta.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ORGANIST'S SOCIAL STATUS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Whatever credit may be due to your correspondent, R. S., of January 28th, as the most polite of letter writers, "I for one" (quoting his modest phraseology) cannot allow him the exclusive possession of conscientiousness and sincerity. The remarks I addressed to you, on the present position of organists, originated in no egotistical desire to become the "champion" of that musical section, as R. S. delicately insinuates. They were merely intended to set forth the annoyances to which organists are frequently subjected, and to solicit for them a higher degree of consideration than is now accorded. However strange it may seem to the acute sensibilities of R. S., the observations which have raised his chivalrous anger were made upon the most mature deliberation, and sprang from a knowledge of absolute facts. R. S. must blame the obstinacy of human nature generally, and of "champions" in particular, if the misguided OCTAVIAN STOP adheres in every point to his propositions contained in the letter of January 21st. OCTAVIAN believed he was right, and knew he was sincere. He believes so still, notwithstanding the indignant R. S.'s controversial onslaughts; and furthermore dares to feel certain that the common sense of the profession will at once discriminate between mere captiousness and an earnest desire to advance the claims of men whose services are in the highest degree deserving of proper recognition. R. S. asserts the benighted OCTAVIAN is taking upon himself too much in applying such terms as "poor drone," "musical drudge," &c., to church organists; and protests "against his uncomplimentary and patronising tone," &c. O. S., not having been completely annihilated by the former eloquent burst, begs to say his rashness is quite as much

a matter of opinion as the terms used are metaphorical and destitute of real offence. Regarding the value of the protest, OCTAVIAN is quite willing to abide by the decision of less eccentric reasoners than R. S. When that musical wrangler says O. S. will, if he does not express himself more carefully, "humiliate still more those very men, &c," he ingenuously advances his opponent's argument, and, by using the comparative, clearly states that organists had their grievances to bear before OCTAVIAN was "certainly exceedingly (not to say excessively)" kind to "exert his pen" in their behalf. So many "lys" in a line make an assertion emphatic, and OCTAVIAN is deeply grateful for this sarcastic acknowledgment of his good intentions. R. S. becomes sneeringly speculative, wondering whether OCTAVIAN will "say anything about the College of Organists;" and asks, "Who knows where the College of Organists is?" The identical number of the *Musical World* in which the latter question appears, contains certain eulogistic remarks upon the institution. These may, in some measure, supply the information, and still further disgust R. S. His declaration that an organist's "social status depends entirely upon himself" does not possess remarkable force, and narrows the question to one of personal rectitude. Every person's social status depends entirely upon himself; but OCTAVIAN begs to suggest it was the class and not the individual whose cause he espoused as feelingly as he could. OCTAVIAN did not allude to exceptional cases of "inexperienced and conceited young fops," who, as R. S. most elegantly expresses it, require to be "taken down a peg or two," but referred to competent men, anxious only to do their duty. OCTAVIAN STOP is happy in believing his remarks will be generally understood in the sense intended; and is sufficiently sanguine to think they will not be nullified by the edifying and pathetic biographical notices at the conclusion of R. S.'s letter. Once more humbly imitating his emphatic manner, "I maintain" (without repeating it), exactly what I have previously said, and, feeling confident my observations have been properly understood where alone it is necessary they should be, I can brave R. S.'s displeasure, and feel cheerful under the visitation.—Yours truly,

OCTAVIAN STOP.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank Mr. Van Praag for his kind translation of a Spanish article in the *Noticias de Espana*, referring to an audience which I had of the King of Spain, and I have a bone to pick with your "own correspondent" from Paris.

He tells you that Adelina Patti sang for the first time an ariette recently composed by Rossini. She sang "A Grenada" and "La veuve Andalouse" all last season. Moreover, I can calm his mind about M. Faure's cross of Isabella Cattolica, as it is perfectly true as well that he sent a very nice composition of his to the Queen of Spain, as it is true that Rossini wrote to a person connected with the court that it would oblige him personally if the Queen would consider M. Faure worthy of receiving the decoration. The reason simply is that Rossini likes Faure, and "the good the decoration would do M. Faure" is the same it does to Mr. Kuhe or Mr. Benedict, who has got it engraved in his seal, as it is the fashion on the continent, it is the good every artist on the continent is anxious to get, because it is a distinction which it is not easy for everyone to reach. But I have not done with your correspondent yet; the novelties "which have never been heard," the duo for Mdlle. Patti and Albani has been sung last year, and the "Sylvani" Gardoni has sung ten times over. "La Nuit de Noel," which is spoken of in the same correspondence, is on the contrary only a Noël in the Italian significance of the word when people sing certain choruses in the street, and this piece I played with Rossini three years ago, and with Peruggi at Rossini's two years ago, and this year again with Diemer, one of the great pianists of Paris. A manuscript of Rossini's, which he confided to me, and which is a very interesting little piece, is the one I played in his last Saturday reception (now the Fridays have begun), and which is neither published, nor to be published. Nevertheless I can't help quoting you a little passage for the criticism of all fifth eaters, though it makes on the harmonium a charming effect.



Now you see the cat is let out of the bag; my rage against your correspondent is that having produced such an effect at Rossini's that they made me promise not to let the harmonium be taken away, but to play again the following Saturday, I find he does not even mention my name, consequently: "Vendetta."

I have arrived here only a few days ago, and have got sad news to give you musically; the opera is dreadfully declining. I heard *Faust* and the *Prophet*. Madame Dustmann, a very meritorious third-rate singer, is not more fit to sing Marguerite than Mr. Wachtel the Prophet. Not only that, he has got hardly anything but a strong voice, which he takes ill advantage of by overpowering it continually, but he sang so out of tune on one occasion that as he finished screaming he found himself about half a tone over the pitch of the orchestra. I leave you to imagine the effect. The *Presses* said he brought the orchestra out of order, but certain it is that never hissing was heard in the Viennese opera to such a length of time as after that act, because his awkward friends meant to call him forward, which made such a violent opposition rise that for nearly 4 minutes this scandal lasted. Miss Krauss sang very well the part of Bertha, and Mlle. Bettelheim tried her wings in the tremendous part of *Fides*. Sincerely speaking, and with the kindest intention to the young lady, I think it is too early; at all events for the present the part is too much for her as well in acting as in singing. Here, where the part has been admirably sung by Madame Gillag, who was so great a favorite with the public, the undertaking was, at any rate, a risked one with a 19 years old girl. Her voice is a contralto, the part is consequently too high, and in the fourth act, where she has continually A sharp and B natural to sing, she was naturally insufficient. On the other hand, her voice, pure, strong, full, clear, is not warm like Madame Gillag's, and those who remember her wonderfully passionate rendering of *Fides* found Mdlle. Bettelheim stiff. Notwithstanding all that, however, I must say so much for her that she sang with great intellect, that at moments her acting showed a dramatic power and momentaneous inspiration which few people would have given her credit for, that her intonation was pure and faultless from first to last, and on the whole she was certainly one of the best performers of the evening, which, unfortunately, is not saying much. Summing up, I should have preferred as her friend she had not undertaken a difficulty above her reach, but having done so, I must admit that being comparatively a beginner she acquitted herself more creditably of her task than many would have thought.

A Madame Viard Louis, a lady who does not want it, gave a concert, as she announced an "audition des œuvres de Beethoven." She did not annoy many people, because there were only few present, but though the concert was a decided loss for her as well as for the few who did come, I see she announces a second one "with orchestra." If the lady wishes to play Beethoven and does not want to make money, why does she offer her tickets for sale? Particularly after one sad experience, is not it sad enough to want it and to get no public to listen to your performance? Can anything be more absurd than to pay for an humiliation? Mr. Reichardt has been here and has not succeeded in his request to be engaged at the Opera. If you ask whether there is anyone to sing the part he used to sing in the *Barber of Seville* and similar operas, the answer simply is "no," and after the last exhibition of Mr. Wachtel I don't think the authorities are quite justified in rejecting a really good artist. But about the management of the Opera there is only one general outcry. Only Mr. Salvi takes his 6000 a year and allows anyone to say anything. I am sorry to say I was not here to assist at Reichardt's concert, but though it was not a financial success I have been told that his "Thou art so far" was a most exceptional success as far as the sale goes.

Snow covers the whole country, all the heart, and is, unfortunately, getting even into the hair of yours truly,

ENGL.

Arch-Duke Charles, Vienna, Feb. 15.

DR. S. AUSTEN PEARCE gave his first *matinée musicale*, at the Music Hall, Store Street, on Thursday, showing himself a clever pianist by his performance of Liszt's *paraphrase de concert* (*Il Trovatore*), and an agreeable composer in two pieces of his own composition—*Poesie Musicale*—and a transcription, entitled "Ecoutez moi." Dr. Pearce was assisted by Miss Eleanore Wilkinson (encored in Signor Randegger's "Peacefully slumber"); Miss Palmer Lisle, who may be praised for her singing of Mozart's "Voi che sapete;" Miss Emma Jenkins, who, in "Casta Diva," was particularly noticeable; Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and Mr. Seymour Smith. Mr. R. De Lacy played two solos on the cornet-à-pistons. Herr Lehmeier accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD CONCERT,
(SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 27, 1865.

PART I.

SERENADE, for Violin, Viola and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, H. WEBB and PAQUE. (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts). Beethoven.

SERENADE (*Lalla Rookh*)—MR. SIMS REEVES. Felicien David.

SONATA, in C minor, Op. 111 (the last sonata of Beethoven), for Pianoforte alone—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD. Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, in A, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin (dedicated to Kreutzer)—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD and HERR STRAUS. Beethoven.

SONG, "Adelaide"—MR. SIMS REEVES (accompanied by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD). Beethoven.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PAQUE. Beethoven.

CONDUCTOR - - - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for Pianoforte and stringed instruments, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 38 Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, SUBSCRIPTION IVORY TICKETS at 2s (transferable), may be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, entitling holders to a special sofa stall, selected by themselves, for 20 concerts; or, two sofa stalls for 10 concerts.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. MORNING PERFORMANCES,

SATURDAYS, MARCH 11, 18, & 25, 1865.

IN compliance with the request of many Persons, and for the accommodation of those who are unable to attend in the Evening, the Director begs to announce that THREE MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given on SATURDAYS, MARCH 11, 18, and 25, 1865.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

HERR JOACHIM, HERR L. RIES, MR. H. WEBB, AND SIGNOR PIATTI, Will appear at all of these Concerts, the number of which cannot be increased. MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, and MR. CHARLES HALLE Will be the Pianists.

CONDUCTOR - - - MR. BENEDICT.

Subscribers' Ivories are available for the whole of these Performances without any charge.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; CAMERON and Co., Regent Street; KIRBY, FAWCE, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and of CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

L'HISTOIRE de PALMERIN d'OLIVE filz du ROY FLORENDO de MACKDORRE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de REMICUS, Empereur de Constantinople, by IAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music." Those who may desire to become Subscribers to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at 67, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received:—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustine Sargood, Esq., John Howey, Esq., J. Ella, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq. Price to Subscribers is 6s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

THE report that Joachim intended to resign his appointment at Hanover, produced, as may be supposed, expressions of the liveliest sympathy, and provoked, not alone in the Hanover press, but elsewhere, explanations which vary according to the individual tendencies of the writers. "Any increase of personal claims on the part of the artist"—says the *Courier*—"cannot be assumed, the munificence of the King being always ready to anticipate such a thing, while the fulfilment of any other person's wishes would certainly not be attained by a notice to throw up an engagement." The supposition that some grave point of honor was at the bottom of a conflict now become public is supported by all the enquiries we have made, and we now give the result of those enquiries after carefully sifting them and assuring ourselves of the truth of the information we have received. After Herr Kömpel, the Chamber-Musician, had left, Herr Joachim was officially requested to fill up the vacancy thus occasioned, and, from among several candidates, Herr Grün, then a member of the Ducal Chapel in Weimar, and not a pupil of Joachim's, was selected, with an express promise that he should eventually succeed to Herr Kömpel's appointment. Joachim's letter on the subject to Grün was written at the particular wish of the Intendancy, and the promise contained in it made upon authorisation delegated for that object. There was no question of any qualification being required beyond the range of art. After Herr Grün had served with distinction several years as a member of the Royal Chapel, Joachim reminded the Intendancy of the obligation they had contracted to give Herr Grün a permanent engagement. He received from the Intendancy the astounding answer that insurmountable obstacles, consisting probably in the fact of Herr Grün's professing the Jewish persuasion, would be found to the appointment. Herr Grün, naturally feeling no inclination to continue a member of the Chapel, simply on sufferance, and without any hope of advancement, tendered his resignation. Joachim, on his side, finds it equally natural to perceive in the practical denial of his authority to make the offer an imperative ground for asserting his position by resolutely throwing up his place. Such are the precise facts. "The long period"—adds our contemporary—"which has elapsed between the time when Grün came to reside among us and the present disagreement, together with the determination which Joachim has expressed for months, altogether preclude all idea of precipitation, or mere passing caprice."

I HAVE read, in the German papers, a statement that a relation of Rouget de Lisle has commenced an action against M. Fétis, because that celebrated and doct bibliophilist asserts and proves that the "Marseillaise" was not composed by Rouget de Lisle, but that the writer of this patriotic song put an old melody to his words. The statement reminded me of a past adventure, which it is now, perhaps, the proper time to mention. Years ago, at a *soirée* given by the well known pianoforte teacher, Marmontel, in Paris, one of his fair pupils played some of Stephen Heller's music, with such talent and grace as to attract general attention; the interest of the audience became still greater on hearing that the clever young lady's name was Madlle. Rouget de Lisle, and they were moved to compassion on learning further that the grand

niece of the minstrel of the "Marseillaise" was only a poor teacher of music, à 40 sous le cachet. I could not restrain myself, but, with human emotion, wrote on the subject to the *Kölnische Zeitung*. A short time afterwards, there was, one day, a knock at my door, and a tall, robust, aged man, who introduced himself as Monsieur Rouget de Lisle, entered my apartment. He came to thank me for the kindness with which I had spoken of his daughter. The article, he said, would, perhaps, benefit her, and she needed it. His whole appearance, indeed, told me that she did need it, and that he needed it too, himself. In his hand he held a hat, which had been ten times, at least, under the latter's iron, and, in many places, was as bare as the Sahara; sadly deficient in nap; rich in its antiquity. The same was true of his coat; the same was true of every thing; but everything was brushed up, and deceptively respectable; in every button, in every seam, you saw *le pauvre honteux*. I felt quite in a weeping mood. Luckily, the sole representative of a family that for seventy years had been so famous, was very eloquent, and, moreover, pathetically eloquent, so that he succeeded on changing what was oppressive in my fresh impressions into an elevating and tragic train of thought, by reciting, without complaint, but with pride, how the relationship with the "Marseillaise," like some grand doom, had ruined and destroyed the family; how the celebrity attending it had stood in the way of all the Rougets de Lisle, and how it had brought him down so low, that he eked out an existence in one of the bye-streets of the Faubourg St. Denis, as a dealer in embroidery patterns, while his daughter, as a poor music mistress, had to trudge through snow, wind, and rain, from house to house. The "Marseillaise," or rather the enemies of the "Marseillaise," had reduced a brother of the poet to such straits, that he sold, for nothing, or next to nothing, a landed estate, the only property of the family, in order that he might leave a neighbourhood where he was known, and flee to one where he would not be recognized. My visitor took hours to relate the history of all the misfortunes suffered by his family, and they were all to be traced back to the "Marseillaise," which was the "Nibelungen Gold" of his race. Now, lo, and behold, the same man intends to bring an action against M. Fétis, because that gentleman will not allow that the family possess the sole moral right to the "Marseillaise." It is a noble trait in a man not to give up a noble piece of property even though it be his ruin.

A remarkable fact, however, is, that every thing (origin, elaboration, name) connected with this world-moving song is obscure, mythical, confused, and dark, as though it were the subject of some very ancient *saga*. Written in Strasburg, it was originally called the "Strasburg Song;" but in Strasburg it was not popular. It became popular when the Marseillais took it to Paris, and from that time it was called the "Marseillaise." It was not, however, the Marseillais who sang it, but the Marcillargers, inhabitants of the Protestant village of Marcillargne, which is situated in the swamps of Languedoc, and is of Roman origin, its name being properly Marcellier. Their schoolmaster and singing-master had it sent him by a friend of his, a schoolmaster in Strasburg, and sang it first in the church, where, according to the custom of the time, a *fête civique* rather than divine service was celebrated every Sunday. There, in the Roman village, hidden behind reeds and marshy-grass, did it first burst forth into flame; the volunteers from Marcillargne fell in, on their road to Paris, with the Marseillais, and so, in Paris, people say the Marseillais sang the song, and under the name of the "Marseillaise" it found its way to the frontier, and reached Strasburg, where it was then for the first time properly appreciated.

With respect to the genesis of the melody, some years ago, in the archives of the church of a little place in the Baden Oberland,

there was found a *cantata pro voce sola*, composed by a Cantor belonging to the said place, with the precise spot, day, and year, where and when it was composed. According to this date, it is about half a century older than Rouget de Lisle, and of German origin. The Baden Oberland is near Strasburg; may not the Cantata have found its way to that city?—or may not Rouget de Lisle have obtained possession of it during an excursion on the left bank of the Rhine? But—another "but"—there are learned writers on music who put forth the assertion that the "Marseillaise," or rather, the melody of it, is as old as the Thirty Years' War, during which it was sung both in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Camps. According to this, the worthy German schoolmaster is a thief.

MORIZ HARTMANN.

IN our last we briefly mentioned the death of Mr. Amott, who, for many years, held the post of organist at the Cathedral, and by virtue of his office, conducted the Gloucester Triennial Festival of the choirs. Mr. Amott was a very old resident of the "fayre citie," having served his apprenticeship under Mr. Muttow, whom he succeeded as Cathedral organist. By the inhabitants of Gloucester Mr. Amott was held in high respect, and the suddenness of his death must have been a shock not only to his family but to all who knew him. We understand, that up to six o'clock in the evening, he was in the enjoyment of his usual health, and at that moment giving a lesson to two of his pupils, when a pang appears to have seized him; he uttered an exclamation of pain, was taken to bed, and died within two hours.

Several candidates for the vacant office were soon in the field; but the choice of the Dean and Chapter, with whom the appointment rests, fell upon Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, of Winchester, whose reputation, as an organist and composer, is too well known to require any comment.

For the festival (of which we shall shortly have something more to say) Mr. J. H. Brown, the indefatigable secretary, has already secured 65 stewards.—(See another column.) C.

FRANZ LISZT has been created an honorary member of the Weimar Branch of the Schiller Association.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye has engaged Signor Pancani, the tenor, for the approaching season.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Israel in Egypt* was performed last night to a crowded audience. Full particulars in our next.

MR. CLEMON has given two more readings to the patients of Bethlehem Hospital. The selections—from Tennyson, Longfellow, Haliburton, Barham, Douglas Jerrold and Dickens—were all thoroughly enjoyed by a numerous and appreciative audience.

MEYERBEER'S AFRICAINE.—We are informed that the day absolutely decided on for the first performance of *L'Africaine* at the Grand Opera in Paris, is the 15th of April. (By Electric International Telegraph—from MONTAGUE SHOOT.)

M. SAINTON has been playing with great success at Manchester this week. We should like to hear him a little oftener in London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—A paragraph must suffice this week to record that the Concert on Monday (the 162nd) was eminently successful. The first piece was Mozart's incomparable Quintet in G minor—admirably played by Herr Straus, in association with Herr L. Ries, Messrs. H. Webb and Hann (violins), and M. Daubert. At the beginning of Part II., Herr Straus gave a remarkably fine performance of Tartini's *Didone Abbandonata* (accompanied by Mr. Benedict). The pianist was Mr. Hallé, who played Beethoven's so-called *Sonata Pastorale*, as solo, and the same composer's violin sonata in G (Op. 30), with Herr Straus. The singers were Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Cummings—both valuable acquisitions to Mr. A. Chappell. At the concert on Monday (the 163rd) the programme is to be entirely from Beethoven. Mr. Sims Reeves will make his first appearance this season; and Madame Arabella Goddard will play the sonata in C minor (Op. 111)—the 32nd and last sonata (of any kind) of Beethoven. Mr. Hepworth Dixon will not be present.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I was prevented from sending you my usual contribution last week, having had a visit paid me by an old friend, Neuralgia, who seldom forgets to call on me in the winter months, when he calls, stays longer than is agreeable, and will not allow me to put pen to paper the whole time he remains. An obstinate, tormenting, absorbing, old rascal, whom no entreaties of mine, nor strong measures of the doctor, will induce to depart, until he has fairly tired himself out. The worst is, that any interference on the part of the law would be ineffectual, and neither police nor *gens-d'armes* would move him an inch. The only remedy is to grin and bear with the monster, laugh in his face, even while he almost drives you mad with his tortures, and wait patiently till he goes. To be sure, it is difficult to say exactly when he is gone, for just when you think he has left the room and closed the door after him, and you breathe, blessing heaven for his removal, than comes he back again, sits opposite you as before, and makes his torments more intolerable than ever. He has just left me for the third time, and I am beginning to hope he may not return until next year. The old villain detests fair weather, and as the day is now genial and warm, he may, perhaps, have gone elsewhere to look for fogs, colds, thaws, and sudden changes, in which he lives, breathes, and owns his strength. It is fortunate that there was little or no news of moment to furnish your readers with last week. The "difficulty" at the Opera, about the *Africaine*, has been arranged between M. Perrin and the manager of the Royal Italian Opera. As Mlle. Marie Battu, M. Faure, and Signor Naudin, had been engaged by Mr. Gye for three months of the forthcoming season, commencing in April, as the three singers named had especial parts assigned them in Meyerbeer's opera, and as, by Meyerbeer's particular desire, the three parts were to be restricted to these singers, it was evident that the *Africaine* could not be produced, and the representations continue, unless Mr. Gye gave up his claims to Mlle. Battu, M. Faure, and Signor Naudin, for some part at least of the term of their London engagement. This Mr. Gye has done in the handsomest manner; and so the *Africaine*, it is to be hoped, will be brought out next month, instead of postponed, as M. Perrin intended, to September or November. How strange that the production of the *Africaine*, at the Grand Opera of Paris, should depend on the fiat of the Manager of one the Italian Operas of London!

The reprise of *La Muette de Portici* has not been attended with any specific results at the Opera. The scenery is good, the chorus and band excellent, the dancers admirable, the principals not altogether worthy. M. Villaret, who played Masaniello for the first time, was not up to the mark; M. Faure was indisposed, and had to resign the part of Pietro to M. Cazaux; M. Warot did not like the character of Alphonso, and seemed to think that he was better adapted for a fisherman than a viceroys, and that he and M. Villaret should have changed places; while Mlle. Eugénie Fiocre, the charming and fascinating ballerine, who, some time since, delighted all eyes as L'Amour, in the ballet of *Néméa*, failed to show any dramatic powers in Fenella. Of Mlle. Marie Battu's Elvira I need tell your readers nothing. How the clever young lady sings Auber's music and acts Scribe's Princess is well known. To say she was best among the principal singers is but paying her a small compliment. *Moïse* and *Roland à Roncevaux* are the counter-attractions to *La Muette*. The receipts of forty representations of M. Mémet's opera, some of the papers state, have realized 390,000 francs!

The past week has presented no novelty at the Italiens. In *Il Trovatore*, Signor Sterbini had a tolerable success as the Count di Luna. Mlle. Charton-Demeur was most admirable as Leonora—certainly one of the best parts she plays. Signor Fraschini, too, prevails eminently in the part of Maucro. Signors Baragli and Scalsea have left for Madrid, and the absence of the latter has arrested the representations of *Linda*. Signor Zucchini, however, is studying the part of the Marquis, so that an early reprise of Donizetti's opera may be expected.

Four operas at the Théâtre Lyrique contend for the public favor, namely, *Faust*, *Mirtille*, *Violetta*, and *Rigoletto*. M. Gounod and Signor Verdi should be thankful to M. Carvalho. The *Flûte Enchantée* was expected this week, and *Macbeth* is in active rehearsal.

Macbeth, however, will not follow directly after Mozart's opera. A comic opera, in one act, entitled *Le Mariage de Dom Lope*, by M. M. Jules Barbier and de Hartog, will precede *Macbeth*, which, being an elaborate work, and requiring great preparation, cannot be produced without time and care.

The third series of Popular Concerts of Classical Music commenced on Sunday, with the following programme:—Overture, *Die Zauberflöte*—Mozart; Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (first part)—Beethoven; Air de Ballet, from *Philémon et Baucis*—Gounod; Concertstück, for pianoforte—Weber; Overture, *Les joyeuses Comères de Windsor*—Nicolai.

Paris, Feb. 21st.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

A concert so interesting in almost every respect as that of Saturday afternoon (the 15th of the season) must not pass without a notice, however brief. The programme was as beneath:—

Symphony in D (Hafner)	Mozart.
Aria (Bianca e Follero)	Rossini.
Romance (Maria de Rudenz)	Donizetti.
Concerto in F sharp minor	F. Hiller.
Grand scena from "Helvellyu"	Macfarren.
Aria, "Sulla puppa del mio brick"	Ricci.
Pianoforte Solos	Mendelssohn and Pauer.
Ballad, "The Liquid Gem"	Wrighton.
Overture in C	Mendelssohn.

Conductor—A. Manns.

The word "Hafner," applied in parenthesis to Mozart's symphony, is explained by a note in the programme, the materials of which are drawn (without acknowledgment)* from Otto Jahn's most valuable and interesting biography. The symphony was composed in 1782 for the marriage fête of a certain Fräulein Hafner (of Salzburg.) Its first shape was that of a *serenade*, the principal conditions of which form of composition seem to have been that the number of movements was unlimited. The year following, however, Mozart turned it into a symphony proper by omitting certain parts and preserving only the regular four movements—*allegro*, *andante*, *minuetto e trio*, and *finale*—by which the complete classic symphony is recognized. In its new shape it was played at one of his Vienna concerts with a success that surprised even the composer, who had no doubt written it, like so many other works of the kind, for an immediate purpose, and in great haste. Although introduced for the first time at the Crystal Palace on the present occasion, it is well known to frequenters of the Philharmonic Concerts, Hanover Square, as the "Symphony in D with a minuet"—the other *grand* symphony in the same key consisting merely of an *allegro*, *andante*, and *finale*. The first movement is one of Mozart's very noblest inspirations, while the *minuetto* and *trio* are equal in their way to the *minuetto* and *trio* belonging to the more celebrated symphony in E flat. The execution of this fine work by the Crystal Palace band was as near perfection as could well be imagined, and the hearty applause it elicited should encourage Herr Manns to bring it forward again at an early opportunity. Nor would the symphony in D "without a minuet" be unwelcome, if only on account of its magnificent *allegro*, which, with the slow introduction, evidently suggested the first part of Beethoven's symphony in the same key (No. 2.)† Mendelssohn's overture in C major, produced at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society in 1833, is happily not so "unknown" as the note in the Crystal Palace programme would make us understand. It has been played on several occasions by the band of that society, and the most recent performance took place under Professor Bennett last year. Nor was it called the *Trumpet Overture* "from the unusual predominance of the brass instruments in the score" (there being, in fact, no "unusual predominance"), but on account of the few bars which act as prelude to the leading theme, and are brought in subsequently more than once with a peculiarly marked effect. It is also as well to remind Herr Manns, who says—"The overture appears to have been composed in 1825, and to have been re-written for the Philharmonic Society in 1833"—that the overture composed in 1825 was the one for wind instruments, now generally known as the "*Military Overture*,"‡ and which has nothing whatever to do with the "*Trumpet Overture*." The "*Trumpet Overture*" is really one of Mendelssohn's finest and most characteristic orchestral pieces, worthy to match with the *Meerstille*, the *Hebriden*, and the *Melusine*. That it should remain unpublished affords one among many proofs of the want either of discernment or

* Vol. iv. page 122. Köchel also cites the passage from Jahn.

† The symphony without the minuet has been played more than once at the Crystal Palace. Ed.

‡ Rietz, in his *Catalogue*, gives the date of the so-called *Military Overture*, 1824. See *Letters* signed "G. Grove," and "Your Reporter"—*Times*, Feb. 21 & 23. Ed.

enthusiasm in those intrusted with his manuscript remains. True, the Philharmonic Society are in possession of a score, which Mendelssohn—always retouching his compositions—had prepared for their concerts; and which is, therefore, the one he would himself have sanctioned; but the overture was not written expressly for the society, any more than was the Italian Symphony, one of the first of the MSS. works published after his death. For that reason, if for no other, it cannot be withheld without equal injustice to the illustrious musician and the many lovers of his music. As the score was only the other day confided to Professor Sterndale Bennett, who had the alterations of Mendelssohn copied out for the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts, and as they have since allowed it to be performed at the Crystal Palace, it looks as if the society intended to act with the proper spirit and disdain the part of the dog in the manger. The sooner, then, they give the "*Trumpet Overture*" to the world the more it will redound to their own credit. Herr Manns had evidently rehearsed it with the utmost care, and on the whole, considering the difficulties of the work and the short time the hand can have had to practise it, the performance on Saturday was wonderfully effective. The last piece in the programme, it was, nevertheless, listened to with an extraordinary degree of interest, and enthusiastically applauded at the conclusion.

The *début* of a new pianist, with a concerto if not exactly new, at least new to the Crystal Palace, was another note-worthy incident of this attractive programme. Both music and pianist were successful. The concerto in F sharp minor, by Herr Ferdinand Hiller—one of Mendelssohn's early and intimate friends, and now, perhaps, the foremost among German musicians—requires more than a single hearing to be thoroughly appreciated. Since it was played by the composer himself (at a Philharmonic concert) it has not been heard in London. It could hardly have reappeared under more favorable circumstances than on Saturday. Mr. Franklin Taylor, a very young man, is already a thorough proficient, and, though unaccustomed to public exhibition, plays with the nerve and steadiness of an experienced professor. His style is earnest and pure, his execution correct and vigorous. He has an excellent touch, an agreeable if not a powerful tone, and a manner of phrasing which, while rarely inexpressive, is never fantastic or overdone. His whole performance was good—as effective as it was legitimate. In the melodious *Lied ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn (No. 1, Book 6), and Herr Ernst Pauer's "*Vals de Concert*," which were his solos, Mr. Taylor was equally happy. The *Lied* was irreproachable.

The singers were Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Signor Gustave Garcia (of Her Majesty's Theatre). It was a treat to hear an unbacked *aria* from one of Rossini's least known operas, sung with such genuine vocal skill as that displayed by Madame Lemmens; and this in spite of the "cadenzas." The slow movement, too, of the scene from *Helvellyn* is charming, whatever may be thought of the other. Signor Garcia bids fair to carry out the promise of his very recent *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre; but he must beware of exaggeration. With youth, a good voice, and evident musical feeling, he has the requisites most desirable, and should strive earnestly to do honor to the name he bears. At the next concert we are to have Schumann's symphony in D minor.—Good.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent).—At the last Philharmonic Concert, on Monday night, Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance in public since his accident some three weeks since. He had an uproarious reception, being one of the greatest favourites that ever appealed to the sympathies of a Liverpoolian audience. Mr. Reeves sang four times, including Bishop's "Pilgrim of love," Blumenthal's "Message," Purcell's war-song "Come, if you dare," with chorus, and a duet, by Mr. Benedict, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. "Mr. Sims Reeves," writes a local journal, "met with a warm reception, the demonstration on his appearance, being all the more marked on account of the recent reports that an accident had necessitated the relinquishment, for a time, of all his professional duties. He rendered Bishop's 'Pilgrim of love' with all the vigour and freshness that one remembers of him in what we suppose he would now call his 'salad days,' when he was the leading man in opera at the Liver theatre here, and with that artistic finish and good taste which severe training and long experience in his present high position have enabled him to obtain." Madame Sherrington's brilliant singing created a great sensation, and the air with chorus "Beautiful May," from Mr. Macfarren's *May-day*, was one of the special features of the concert. The band played the overture to *Ruy Blas*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Le Lac de Fées*, Rossini's overture, executed with immense force and spirit, being encored with acclamation. Herr Dannreuther, the pianist, performed Beethoven's concerto in C minor, and Liszt's fantasia on the waltz from *Faust*—being much applauded in both, more especially the latter. The chorus sang several part-songs most effectively. The non-performance of a symphony was a sad drawback to a Philharmonic Concert.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Shoe's quinquennials have not abated. Much speech will, therefore, not be expected of him this current. His *stylium* shivers to his fist. He consequently impinges, without preamble, the statement of a grievance from Verdant Green, Esq., Jun. :—

A GRIEVANCE.

Sir,—I have a small complaint to deposit against the management of the Theatre, and I pray that you will do me the favour to secure it a corner in your great columns.

You may, perhaps, have heard, on your passage through the streets, that during the "run" or rather "walk" of the Theatre, the public so little loved the Theatre, that the house would on some occasions have been counted out, but for the presence of certain benevolent persons, who made use of the orders, which the management endeavoured to circulate.

Well, among these patrons of the house were myself and friends. We rendered some service to the management by giving an appearance of style and fashion to a scanty, seedy-looking audience on more than one occasion. The being a failure, and submitted to Mr. Harrison's patent *Eidos Acides*, was produced, as you know, at the beginning of this month, and proved a great success. A few days after its production, I happened to call upon my music sellers in Pond Street, Messrs. Hip and Screw (most respectable gentlemen, who gain their living by publishing gay songs) for their last new ballad "Have you seen her lately?" Mr. Hip, being in the shop, suggested that I should accept two stalls for the new opera, being anxious, as he kindly said, for my opinion of the song, which he himself thought was all "swipes."

I objected to this offer, for, having lent my black trousers to a friend to attend a funeral in the country, I thought I could hardly get them back in time for the opera. "Oh, never mind the black togs," said Mr. Hip, "any coloured bags will do for that house." I may here explain that Hip and Screw, being convivial publishers, have become so imbued with the spirit of their publications, that not only do they talk in a facetious manner, but will sometimes apply practical jokes to their customers. For instance, if you go in to purchase "Polly Perkins," it is not improbable that one of the partners will poke you in the ribs, tickle you, or trip you up while in the act of serving you. It is all meant in good part, and a man would be unworthy of being called a comic singer who would take offence at such *badinage*. However, to resume. Being pressed by Mr. Hip to accept the order as a favour to the management, I took it, and invited my landlady's daughter to accompany me. She is an interesting girl of 18, and dressed in a cheek silk dress I gave her on my last visit to town, looked decidedly pretty. We presented ourselves at the doors at seven o'clock punctually, but to our surprise were told, and in an authoritative voice, that there was no room in the stalls. "What," I said, "does the management issue orders it does not intend to pass?" "I know nothing of that," said the bully, "you can go to the dress circle if you like, but there's no room here." To the dress circle we went and found it entirely occupied. To the upper circle we then proceeded and found a vacant corner, but as the stage was invisible, and Miss fine voice inaudible, from this corner, we decided not to accept it.

My patience was now exhausted. To think that an old and tried friend of the house should meet with such scandalous treatment! To think that orders should be circulated that the management does not intend to pass! To think that people may dress, and take cabs to a theatre, and then be rejected or admitted according to the management's convenience! These thoughts were too much for me, and with a sigh I turned and addressed my companion. "Kitty dear," I said, "I will, with pleasure, buy two gallery seats, but I appeal to you whether, on principle, the amount these places would cost would not be better spent in oysters, than in encouraging a tyrannical management in its reckless, oppressive course." Kitty, like a sensible girl, gave the preference to oysters, and thus the evening ended merrily; but I vowed that I would take the first opportunity of placing my grievance on record in the immortal columns of *Ap' Mutton*.

VERDANT GREEN, JUN.

The Rookery, Feb. 24.

With respect to this grievance Dr. Shoe is grieved to say that he is totally at variance with Mr. Green. A man who would accept an order is as immoral as a man who would force an entrance; and a man who would force an entrance is as immoral as a man who would eat oysters, with a brisk young girl of eighteen, at an oyster shop. Mr. Green (Dr. Shoe opines) has not even a leg to stand upon. He should retreat once more to the "Enclosure" (Houghton-le-Spring), and there confarreate with that old fox-hunting toper, Squire Harrier.

Dr. Shoe now (respectfully) spreads before his readers a letter from his (Shoe's) friend, Simple Simon, who (for a purpose) has changed his name:—

TO TAYLOR SHOE, ESQ., D.D., LL.D., M.D., &c.

SIR,—Observing that the *Musical Bonner*, and other papers, offer prizes for the best specimens of various kinds of musical composition, it has occurred to me that the same excellent principle might be satisfactorily applied to other departments of art and trade.

The experiment would have this advantage—of being entirely without any risk. This is at once apparent; for you see, first that the premiums offered by these journals never exceed in amount the market value of the competing compositions, and, as the successful one remains the property of the prize giver, the result cannot fail to be remunerative. To obtain a M.S. which possesses all the merit and publicity of a prize work at the price usually given to Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jones, for his unknown ballad, or piece, is indeed a contrivance as ingenious as it must be satisfactory to the proprietor. I propose to apply the system with some modification to my private affairs. I shall in the first instance offer a prize of 5 guineas for the best superfine overcoat—the trial to be open to all the London tailors. But I shall add one other condition, which I also recommend to the attention of the *Banner*. *The coats which do not win the prize will also remain my property.* This provision, useful to me, will be of little importance to the tailors, for no tradesmen with any self-respect would like to receive back a coat, which was known to have lost a prize. I shall request Mr. Poole to act as umpire. As soon as my plans are more matured, you shall hear from me again.—Your obedient servant,
SIMPLE SIMON.
Brook Green, February 20th, 1865.

Dr. Shoe has no misgivings on the point. The tailors, supposing them unaware that Mr. Simple Simon's real name is Simon Sly, will at once adopt his measure and proceed to measurement. Nevertheless, if all the London and provincial tailors compete, Dr. Shoe (respectfully) thinks Mr. Simon will, in a few days, get tired of being measured; but that is the affair of him (Simon), not of him (Shoe).

WHOLESOME ADVICE.

SIR,—After the brilliant victory achieved by Mr. Manns last Saturday at the afternoon concert, I beg to suggest that some officer in power should deliver the following word of command to the *regulars* of the Crystal Palace Band:—

"*Silence in the ranks!*"

Should this not be promptly obeyed, I would change it for:—

"*Double quick, march!*"

Myself and a few constant readers of the *M.W.* are somewhat fatigued with the literary *solt* of the *would* be soloists at the Crystal Palace. They, perhaps, ignore that Mr. Manns owes Herr Pape a private grudge, and that this is the reason he makes him play or exhibit so often. Let them beware of offending their worthy general, lest he force them also to expose themselves. It might be a fearful trial for many. Let them be wise and pity poor M. Pape.—I am, Sir, yours &c.,
AP'POODLE.

The Kennel, Isle of Dogs, 23d February, 1865.

The "regulars" will doubtless look to it after this hint. For the soloists Dr. Shoe greatly fears there is no hope, even with the sad fate of Herr Pape, who is condemned to perpetual *soltitude*, as a warning.

MUSICAL ACROBATS.

—know how I hate those devils of fiddlers who play the Carnival of Venice on one string only, and without a bow? Well then, just imagine how I love acrobatic pianists! You know also, better than I, that these fellows are the sworn enemies of music, and that they endeavour to damage it as much as possible. Piano playing to them is an athletic sport—a gymnastic exercise—the flying trapeze. To shine in their line you must have a wrist of cast steel—be a fellow of infinite scales and perspiration—play with your hair, your elbows, and your knees—you must tame sharps and rape flats—at times tickle the key board with the tip of your nails, your eyes cast up at the ceiling—be either lean as a bodkin, sallow and unwholesome, or fat and paunchy as our friend the alderman—you must bury alive poor melody under cascades of variations, avalanches of scales—you must so disguise a melody that the devil himself can't find out from what opera you prigged the gem. The business of pianists, now-a-days, seems to be to stuff melodies—make mummies of them—and to maim for life as many pianos as they can lay their *pawes* upon. P—n the fellows! And to think some of them enjoy a certain reputation! I heard two such play a duet t'other night at P—s. The piece was of their joint composition, and it was the first time of performance. Oh, the scoundrels!—devils!—arch devils! (Next day there was a letter in *The Times* giving an account of a shock of earthquake.)

The police came in during the *andante cantabile* to ask what all the row was about. The couple were much flattered at this. The thin man of the two fainted at ninth bar of *finale*; and the fat one appearing elated, exerted himself so much to play the two parts that at the last note he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. The success amounted to a *furor*. I applauded rapturously when I saw the two fellows prostrate and done up; but, imagine my disgust, when I found that all this is in the score! On looking over it I found, here and there, such directions to the performers, as: "*Languish here, simmer, assume a chivalrous appearance, turn pale, blush confusedly, faint, &c., &c.*"

The two pianos being in a frightful condition—perfectly gutted—were sent next day to "The Monster Gallery for Decayed and Incurable Pianofortes" to be sold for old wood. However, this is what we are coming to—"Sensation," after ravaging the stage, is bursting the doors of our concert rooms. Up and be stirring, Owain. Pulse thy lance and shiver their lucifer matches. The time has come when

Dr. Shoe (respectfully) entreates the writer of the foregoing to send slips 1 and 5 of his letter, which neither begins nor ends. He (Shoe) has read it backwards—to no purpose; and, nextly, upside down—to as little. Nevertheless, the letter hath pith.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOT MUCH.

DEAR MR. AP'MUTTON,—How very kind it was of you to publish that first letter of mine. It has been the *making* of Octavius Flourish, and he desires me to tell you, with his grateful thanks, that he has received ever so many orders to send his instruments to Turkey and Timbuctoo. I need hardly say that he has made us a present of one; we call it the *Spontaneous*, and it plays at all mamma's parties. You have no idea how much it is applauded—which I never was—indeed I have quite given up practising the piano, and glad enough I am to have done with those horrid *scales*; besides, I'm certain that I enlarged my wrists, and made my hands red by trying to execute Thalberg's music. It is all very well for professors who don't mind practising eight hours a day; I daresay their fingers grow longer by such labor, but I never could get mine to stretch far enough. I am now learning singing, which I like much better, and I don't mind your telling everybody that I'm coming out this season at the Opera as a prima donna. I've had twelve lessons in Italian, and I know quite well what "*Oh gioja, mio bene,*" and "*che orrore*" mean. My master is Signor Falsetti; I daresay you have heard of him, for he used to sing at the Opera; but one night, poor fellow, as he was trying to sing the high C very loud, something broke in his throat, and he was obliged to stop. They said it was a *break down*, and I am told that many singers are subject to it; I hope to goodness I shan't catch it! Poor Falsetti was obliged to lie up for many months, and when he got well again he found he had quite lost his C, so he determined to take to teaching and singing at select parties. I assure you that it is quite interesting even to *see* him sing; he rocks his body about so engagingly, and turns up his eyes like a poet waiting for an idea. I found his style rather difficult at first, as he insisted on my making my voice *tremble* on every note, but I have got into the way so well now that I can't sing anything *without* trembling. The worst of it is, that I cannot yet make a shake. Octavius gets quite irritated at it, and he said the other day—I thought rather spitefully—that he wondered I could not manage it, my voice being now so *shaky*. The fact is, he was put out at hearing me singing with Falsetti that sweet duet, "*Sempre più l'amo.*" Between ourselves—he is getting jealous—but of this more hereafter. I daresay you wonder at my telling you all this, but the truth is, I want your advice as to what opera I should appear in. *La Traviata* would be my own choice, but some people say it isn't *proper*. I should like, however, to know your opinion of it. Oh, if you would but choose the opera for my *début*, I'm certain I should make a *furor* in it, especially if you would come on the first night and throw a *bouquet* at me! Now, do turn it over in your mind, like a dear Mutton, as you are; and believe me, yours eternally obliged,
DULCINEA.

P.S.—Do you know anyone who can teach me the stage-walk and how to move my arms about, in six lessons? As to my voice, somebody said of me the other day, "*Elle a des larmes dans la voix!*" Only think!

In the absence of his chief, Dr Shoe (respectfully) would recommend Dulcinea to come out as Polly in *The Beggars Opera*; and if she have a sister to come out as Lucy, on the same occasion, he (Shoe) will come out as Captain Macheath, and sing—

"How happy could I be with neither,
Were both the dear charmers away!"

Dr. Shoe does not think there lives the man or woman capable of teaching Dulcinea how to move her arms about in six lessons.

LITTLE ABOUT LESS.

SIR,—It would afford me much pleasure to convey to Mr. Weller my appreciation of the good-humoured manner in which he met my "sharp

attack" upon his first contribution. Not feeling at all sure of his address (save in the art of retaliation), I have once more had recourse to your publication. I think Dr. Shoe was rather hard upon him, and have therefore but little expectation that he (Shoe) will insert this letter, though just now he and I are upon an excellent footing. From the tone (not "ton") of Mr. Weller's reply, marred, as Dr. Shoe assuredly knows it was, by some perfunctory proleptary, it is evident that he lives far remote from any habitation at all resembling a Priory; indeed, his prior communication afforded ample proof thereof. Strange, that though Prior was by no means insensible to a joke, the precincts of a Priory seem (a priori? Forgive me!) singularly unfavourable to the development of the facetious element, and should therefore be avoided by all who wish to cultivate and retain that most enviable appreciation of "the ridiculous," which so considerably enlivens our sojourn here below. I would strenuously recommend all people living near a Priory to decamp without delay, and seek a less matter-of-fact region, though, in fact, a Priory would at first sight suggest a preponderance of spirit over matter. *Experientia docet.* I merson says "Genius works in sport, and all healthy things are sweet tempered." Mr. Weller is in all probability neither a genius nor (neither requires nor) a Hercules, in which case all the more merit is due to him for working in sport with such imperturbable good temper. "I find nonsense singularly refreshing," says the brilliant Talleyrand, and I must say I most cordially agree with him. A veil of humour often softens the severest censure, and a dash of badinage often renders that palatable which would otherwise be unendurable.

"Cost all'egro fanciul porziamo aspersi
Di soave licor gli ori del vaso."

I need not go on, for of course the unhappy author of those happy lines was one of your "later" Neapolitan "chums." I am indeed *Old*, but not old enough to have known him. Speaking of Italy, I wonder whether you know anything about the celebrated dilettante composer, *Perruchini*. He was formerly an intimate friend of my mother's, but we have lost sight of him for some time. Is he still living? Does he still write? Some of his graceful *Ariette* we have, but cannot meet with any others. Do you know where they are to be had? They form delightful chamber music and ought, in my opinion, to be more known. Engaged as you now are upon the *Life of Cæsar*, the following tiny extract from *Le Siècle* may probab'y amuse you. "One Frenchman met another, and said, 'Enfin Cæsar est sous presse.' 'Tiens,' répondit l'autre, 'J'ai toujours cru que la presse était sous Cæsar!'" I find that very savoury, and hope Dr. Shoe will not think it too "musty" for insertion. For the instruction and entertainment of your asinine correspondent, Mr. Longears, I shall conclude with the following riddle, he (Longears) being in the betting line. Why is a man who never bets just as bad as one who does?—Because he's no better.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

DARTLE OLD.

Mr. Old's riddle, in Dr. Shoe's estimate, is the oldest riddle he ever heard—a frightfully old riddle. The question about *Perruchini*—a Frenchman, whose real name was *Perruque* (not *Peruche*)—will possibly be unravelled by Mr. Ap'Mutton, who is many centuries Dr. Shoe's elder.

A GROWL FROM AN EX-SOPRANO.

DEAR SIR,—Will you oblige me by giving publicity to a few remarks I am about to offer on the subject of *Singing and Singers*?

Having formerly been myself a dramatic singer, both in England and on the Continent, I still continue to take a lively interest in the progress of the vocal art in this country.

Judging from the musical critiques which appear in our journals, our modern singers have arrived at a pitch of excellence, which half a century since would have been deemed fabulous; and what strikes me as still more remarkable is, that every fresh candidate for public favour seems, according to newspaper accounts, so far to surpass all his, or her, competitors and predecessors, that they may "hide their diminished heads," or give up the profession in despair. Their only source of consolation is, that as the opinions expressed in the journals are often of a most conflicting nature—nay, that they sometimes absolutely contradict one another—it is possible that they may not all of them be strictly true. To give an instance—In commenting on the qualifications of a young lady who has recently made a successful *début* as an opera singer, the *Daily News* informs us that she has "a superb *contralto* voice, full, mellow, &c." The *Morning Post* declares that it is a "mezzo *soprano*, with the true dramatic ring in it." The *Morning Advertiser* states that the lady's voice, "though rather limited in range, and deficient of that ringing quality, has very great sweetness of tone." The *Weekly Dispatch* asserts that the débutante "possesses a tight mezzo *soprano*, very full and agreeable in quality." These differing and somewhat contradictory reports are possibly intended to mystify us, and to whet our curiosity to such a degree as to induce us to go and judge for ourselves as to the nature and extent of the new singer's gifts and

acquirements. Far be it from me to depreciate the young lady, whom I have not had the pleasure of hearing, and who may, possibly, possess not only all the excellencies attributed to her by the critics, but many more which have entirely escaped their penetration. It appears to me, that criticism, as applied to the vocal art, has now become extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy, which, though extremely satisfactory to the objects of it, is rather discouraging to still untried aspirants. Their predecessors, having attained unto such superhuman excellence, what can they expect, if they presume to enter the lists with them?

I always admired that line of Cowper's,

"So slow the growth of what is excellent!"

But he spoke according to his lights and experiences. We are living in a fast age, and arrive at every imaginable perfection by the shortest cuts. *Pagging and toiling* are words which should be expunged from all modern dictionaries, as those processes are now unknown, and, fortunately, unnecessary. I fear I am wearying you, but, before I conclude, I wish to say a few words about English composers. We are accused, by our more musical neighbours, of possessing none worthy the name; but such men as Professor Bennett and Barnett, not to mention a host of others, are living instances to the contrary. We are ready enough, sometimes too ready, to lavish the most enthusiastic praise on foreign compositions of third-rate merit. How is it we are so blind, or, rather, so deaf to the startling merit of some of our native musical compositions? If you deign an answer to these "Why's" you will much oblige, Yours respectfully

A SHELVED SOPRANO.

Dr. Shoe would quote Crabbe, had he Crabbe at hand; but having no Crabbe at hand, he quotes Titus Petronius (otherwise *Arbiter*); and, as it is possible a *soprano* of the milder sex may not be up in Latin, he (Shoe) has rendered the quotation in Muttonian English:—

"Parents are worthy the severest reproof who wont permit their children to be confined to a strict discipline in their studies; for first, they dedicate their hopes, like everything else, to their ambition; and then, through too much impatience to arrive at their wishes, they hurry youth into the forum (for "into the forum" read "on the stage.") * * * * * Whereas, if they would but suffer them to come on by degrees, so that their studies might be tempered with judicious lectures ("lectures" is good) * * * &c., &c."

Dr. Shoe thinks the above may console the "shelved" one. The critics of the press are to blame who think it necessary to be mad with madness, for unless they wrote what their readers approved they might criticise for their own private edification—like the Professor of Oratory, of whom Marcus Tullius Cicero writeth, in his plea for Cælius:—"Ilud unum ad laudem cum labore directum iter qui probaverunt, prope jam sibi in scholis sunt relicti." Tully had said as much (frequently) before, to Mr. Ap'Mutton. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe would urge (respectfully), it is with critics as with parasites, who, when they sup at great men's tables, study nothing more than how to render themselves agreeable to the company; and unless, fisher-like, a critic baits his hook with something he knows the fish will catch, he may wait long enough on the rock, fishless.

NO COPPERS.

"OH! DEAR DOCTOR.—I shall die." Why misprint my elegant effusions? Why "and" and why "D?" I don't mind the £. s. d.'s, but—*coppers* is *loc.* And, my "bright particular Shoe," why misquote Byron, the lord?—'tis men not then. Have you not a *Don Juan*? I have it "for schools" and otherwise. I'll lend it you if you in return will lend me the most useful of the 500 vols. If you don't "pun" often, "pun" my honor, when you do, you do — Oh! for a friend at court! — vide last page of "World"—*par excellence*, "Musical." I once heard an anecdote as follows:—A very august personage, being told that "boots" were named after the illustrious Wellington, said, "How ridiculous, as if there could ever be a pair of Wellingtons." Pretty, wasn't it? The same applies to you, "Shoe!" "Sure such a pair were never seen," &c. For preciput, you must take the admiration I have for yourself and that favorite of the gods and Napoleon, O. Ap'M., Esq. Advice gratis from 10 to 5. Are you for eloquence? Then read:—

"Don't take a joke, a merit ne'er,

When 'tisn't policy,

'Tis a delusion and a snare.

And often 'all my eye."

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" rolls more than ever at the above, and doubtless so will yours, Shoe! "Fare thee well, and if for ever"—well, never mind.

L. S. (no D).

Lucilius, the Roman poet (a chum of Mr. Ap'Mutton's) would frequently dictate two hundred verses in an hour, standing on one leg. Mr. Ap'M. has often told Dr. Shoe that he (Ap'M.) often

saw him do it, and mentioning the fact (at the table of Octavius Augustus—where Ovidius of the Nose also was dining) to Quintus Horatius Flaccus the Bear-eyed, that satirical poet recorded it in his *Fourth Satire*.

WHEELER NOT WELTER.

SIR,—The people connected with your periodical seem to have made a dead set at me. I am not conscious of having done anything to deserve it, but, finding myself discourteously handled, shall now back out. I thought the misprints in my first letter were accidental, but seeing still worse faults in my second, must suppose they were intentional. Before taking leave of you for ever, allow me to say that my name is *Wheeler* not *Welter*, and that, having previously printed "well" instead of "well," Miss Print (to be consistent) should have set up *Sueller* instead of *Weller*.

WILLIAM WHEELER.

O. Ap'Mutton, Esq.

Wheel by all means. Dr. Shoe has no objection. But why all this dust about a wheel? In weal or woe Dr. Shoe (who rarely puns) never kicks up a dust; nor does he eat veal (pronounce weal) except minced. "Weel may the keel row." Mr. Sutherland Edwards in his *opus magnum*, intitled *The Russians at Home*, relates how a Russian gentleman told him, in a letter (page 79) that one "L— had seven musicians who saw no society, * * * although far superior to their master, and infinitely so to their equals."

SOMETHING ABOUT A PROVERB.

DEAR DR. SHOE.—Had I but borne in mind that "there's nothing like leather," and that when a lamb is in the wind, Ap'Mutton is the obvious (though occult) person to whom to apply, I should never have had to make the humiliating confession which forms the subject of this letter. A literary acquaintance, literally worn out with trying to discover where the words, "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" occur, unfortunately applied to me instead of at once consulting Ap'Mutton, the enviable possessor of that invaluable dictionary (McPherson's?), or you, my erudite and genial friend. I was indiscreet enough to write to "Notes and Queries" thereupon, and certainly I had "my reward," for last Saturday my query was answered in the following satisfactory and conclusive manner:—"The beautiful proverb, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' is fully illustrated in our 1st S. i., 211, 236, 325, 357, 418; vii., 193." I feel keenly that I have lost (and most justly) all claim to your sympathy, but my ardent thirst for information has induced me to lay these very sad experiences before your readers in the hope that one or other of them may have the 1st S. i., 236, 325, 357, 418; vii., 193; and take pity on poor

Dr. Shoe.

FIASCO.

O by Abs! O by Adnan! Dr. Shoe never till now heard of Mr. Fiasco. How then can he (Fiasco) "have lost, and most justly, all claim to" his (Shoe's) "sympathy?" In his ingenious *Essay on Sepulchres*, the author of *Caleb Williams* says—"In everything there must be a beginning" (Page 86, edition 1809); but here is an end without a beginning—the converse of sempiternity—"a red republic" (as a great humourist hath it) "before the first king!" O Gemini!—O Shadows! O by Abs!—O by Adnan!

A PROTEST WITH SOME NEWS.

DEAR MR. MUTTON.—It appears to me, a Midas of your own christening, that our respected Editor has done a very foolish thing in placing at the disposal of Mr. Dishley Peters nearly four columns of *The Musical World*. It also appears to me that Peters was foolish to write so lengthily a "lucubration." (For this last word Shoot is my authority.) It appeareth so to me, because I always understood that no one in his senses ever thought of attaching the slightest importance to anything that appeared in the musical, (Qy. unmusical) portion of the "*Asineum*." The wind is blowing so loud, that I really cannot write any more. So wishing you the same,—I remain, my dear Mr. Mutton, your own Midas,

OCCASIONALIS.

Mr. Ap'Mutton. 112, Adelaide Road, Monday Night.
P.S.—They tell me that Mr. Gye has engaged such a lot of new hands for next April. Amongst others, Mongini, Brignoli, (this is Shoot's doing), and Miss Galetti. They tell me, too, that Mario is to play the organ, Tamberlik to do the bellows, and Shoot to turn over the pages, and pull out the stops. Is this all true, Mr. Ap'M? *

Every word of it. Moreover, "Occasionalis" is to write the articles, in the shape of letters from the Royal Exchange, and Dr. Shoe (to boot) to find room for them in *Muttoniana*. The letter, address, and after-script of "Occasionalis" absorb no less than seventeen lines, and yet he has the frontery to beard Dr. Shoe, because Mr. Peters absorbs less than a fourth as many columns! —O by Abs!

Taylor Shoe.

Shoebury—Boot and Hook—Feb. 24.

A CURIOSITY.

Any one would be mistaken if he believed that Pater Singer (the Franciscan so well-known to all visitors to Salzburg by his wondrous Panharmonica) was the first to connect music with mysticism (see his *System seiner Harmonielehre*). The same thing was attempted as early as 1701 by Phil. Friedrich Böhdecker, organist of the Collegiate Church (Stiftsorganist) at Stuttgart, in a work entitled: *Manuduction nova methodica-practica ad bassum generalem* (printed by his son and successor Philip Jacob). The work consists of eleven sheets. The dedication is addressed to God the Father, as the Octave or fundamental bass; to God the Son, as the Fifth, or perfect concordance; and to the Holy Ghost, as the Third, rising from the Octave and descending from the Fifth. M. Adelung says respecting this, in his "*Musikalische Gelahrtheit*," p. 760: "*Risum tenete!* Who is right, seeing that Herr Bukstedt in his *Vt* explains the Third as relating to a different member of the Trinity, and represents by the major and minor Third the two natures of Christ. Quite as consolingly does Böhdecker demonstrate, at page 4, in the first sentence, after the manner of geometers, that conformably to Scripture and in accordance with our faith, God may be called the *Basis generalis et continua totius Ritus universi*, the correctness of which depends upon its proper interpretation. But of what use are such things in such books? For the benefit of those who are tired of these mystic deductions, I will mention the Sermon published by the celebrated preacher in Vienna, Dr. Veil, under the title of *The Mysticism of Church Music*."

MARGATE.—An amateur concert was given last week in the Royal Assembly Rooms in aid of the Literary and Scientific Institution, when a handsome amount (about £60) was realised. The amateurs were Miss Swaby, Mrs. Francis Talfourd, Miss Cooper, and Mr. Frederick Hodges, assisted by the following professionals:—Miss Grace Lindo, Mr. Aguilar, Mr. Filby, Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Trelawny Cobham. The programme consisted of popular songs, duets, &c. Seven or eight pieces were encored. These included the opening piece, a quartet by S. Reay, "The dawn of day," the cavatina from *I Puritani*, "Qui la voce," sung by Miss Swaby, Mr. Weiss's "Village Blacksmith," sung by Mr. Rhodes, "Home, sweet home," given with marked taste and expression by Mrs. Francis Talfourd, and "My pretty Jane," by Mr. Trelawny Cobham (when he substituted "Thou art so near"), a polka for the pianoforte by Mr. Vincent Wallace, capably played by Miss Cooper, and Mr. Aguilar's arrangement of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," played by the composer in his most finished style. The vocal music was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Aguilar and Mr. Filby. The concert altogether reflected the highest credit on all concerned, and afforded the highest gratification to a very large audience.

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